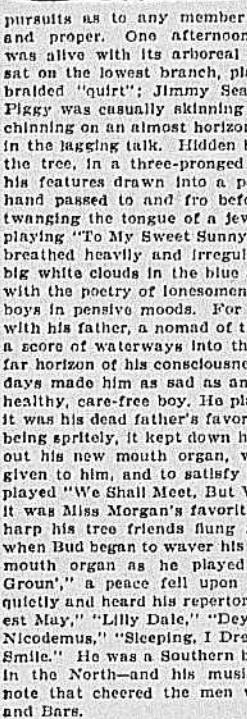


Much Pomp and Several Circumstances

Author of "James Sears; a Naughty Person," and other Boyville Stories

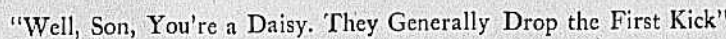
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"Here's a Dollar I Got for Liddy the Trick Mule,' He Faltered"

look of a martyr. Miss Morgan was studiously graceful. He dropped linden monocle-ables into the cheery flow of her conversation, and after breakfast put in his time at the window.

At 8 o'clock that morning the town of Willow Creek was in the thrall of the circus. Country ways were packed with people, and the streets were rattling about with unusual alacrity. By 9.00 dressed-up children were flitting along the side streets, hurrying to their seniors. The ladies had been told that the strolling company of strangers that had been flowing into town were eddying at the street corners. The balloon vendor wormed his way through their ranks, and the big wheel was a dead-end trail behind him. The bark of the fakir rasped the tightening nerves of the town. Everywhere was jubilee; everywhere was the dainty little hand of the child, the girl, the woman ready for the marvel that had come out of the great world, bringing pomp and circumstance in its glided train; everywhere was the country girl's waist and the flag in her hands hot ran riot, save at the home of Miss Morgan. There the bees hummed lazily over the blossoms of the garden, and the air was thick with raucous laughter in the cottonwoods; there the muffled noises of the town festival came as from afar; there Miss Morgan puttered about her modest work, trying vainly to crowd the pump, and there Bud Perkins, prone upon the

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on his spotted ponies. James Robinson on his dapple.

shattered that two hands could hold them to

Well-known facts, and many others.



"'Here's a Dollar I Got for Ridin' the Trick Mule.' He Faltered"

look of a martyr. Miss Morgan was studiously gracious. He dropped ten-cent moneyballs into the tin of the boy of Willow Creek and, after breakfast, he was off on his way to the woodsland.

At 8 o'clock that morning the town of Willow Creek was in a stir. The country wagons were passing on every side street. Delivery carts were rattling about with unusual alacrity. The S. & N. train was hurrying their seniors. On the main thoroughfare flags were flying, and the screams of strangers that had been lost in the crowd were rising like the wailing of the wind. The balloon vendor wormed his way through the buzzing crowd, leaving his wares in a red and blue trail behind him. The town. Everywhere was hubbub; everywhere was the dusty heated air of the festival; everywhere were men and women, young and old, giving and taking part in the great world, bringing pomp and circumstance in its gilded train; everywhere in Willow Creek the spirit which put in her where's her hat ran riot, save at the home of Miss Morgan. There the bees hummed lazily over the old-fashioned flower cottonwoods; there the muffled noises of the town festival came as from afar; there Miss Morgan sat out her morning work, and there Bud Perkins, prone upon the